Claudio My liege, your Highneſſe nowe may doe mee good.

Pedro My loue is thine to teach, teach it but how,
And thou ſhalt ſee how apt it is to learne
Any hard leſſon that may do thee good.

Clau. Hath Leonato any ſonne, my lord?

Pedro No childe but Hero, ſhees his onely heire:
Dooſt thou affect her Claudio?

Claudio O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I lookt vpon her with a ſouldiers eie,
That likt, but had a rougher taske in hand,
Than to driue liking to the name of loue:
But now I am returnde, and that warre-thoughts,
Haue left their places vacant: in their roomes,
Come throonging ſoft and delicate deſires,
All prompting mee how faire yong Hero is,
Saying I likt her ere I went to warres.

Pedro Thou wilt be like a louer preſently,
And tire the hearer with a booke of words,
If thou doſt loue faire Hero, cheriſh it,
And I wil breake with hir, and with her father,
And thou ſhalt haue her: waſt not to this end,
That thou beganſt to twiſt ſo fine a ſtorie?

Clau. How ſweetly you do miniſter to loue,
That know loues griefe by his complexion!
But leſt my liking might too ſodaine ſeeme,
I would haue ſalude it with a longer treatiſe.

Pedro What need the bridge much broder then the flood?
The faireſt graunt is the neceſſitie:
Looke what wil ſerue is fit: tis once, thou loueſt,
And I wil fit thee with the remedie,
I know we ſhall haue reuelling to night,
I wil aſſume thy part in ſome diſguiſe,
And tell faire Hero I am Claudio,
And in her boſome ile vnclaſpe my heart,
And take her hearing priſoner with the force

And ſtrong incounter of my amorous tale:
Then after, to her father will I breake,
And the concluſion is, ſhe ſhal be thine,
In practiſe let vs put it preſently.

Enter Leonato and an old man brother to Leon

Leo. How now brother, where is my coſen your
he prouided this muſique?

Old He is very buſie about it, but brother, I ca
ſtrange newes that you yet dreampt not of.

Leo. Are they good?

Old As the euents ſtampes them but they haue
uer: they ſhew well outward, the prince and Cou
walking in a thicke pleached alley in mine orchard,
much ouer-heard by a man of mine: the prince di
Claudio that he loued my niece your daughter, an
acknowledge it this night in a daunce, and if he fou
cordant, he meant to take the preſent time by the t
ſtantly breake with you of it.

Leo Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Old A good ſharp fellow, I wil ſend for him, an
him your ſelfe.

Leo. No, no, we wil hold it as a dreame til it app
but I will acquaint my daughter withall, that ſhe m
better prepared for an anſwer, if peraduenture this
you and tel hir of it: cooſins, you know what you h
O I crie you mercie friend, go you with me and I w
shill: good coſin haue a care this buſie time.

Enter ſir Iohn the baſtard, and Conrade his comp

Con. What the goodyeere my lord, why are you
meaſure ſad?

Iohn There is no meaſure in the occaſion that b
fore the ſadneſſe is without limit.

Con. You ſhould heare reaſon.

Iohn And when I haue heard it, what bleſſing

Con If not a preſent remedy, at leaſt a patient ſuf

Iohn I wonder that thou (being as thou ſaiſt, tho
vnder Saturne) goeſt about to apply a morall me